

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE:

## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 558.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1827.

PRICE 8d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE REV. ROBERT POLLOK.

On Tuesday, the 18th, this gentleman died at Devonshire Place, Shirley Common, near Southampton, at the early age of twenty-eight years. He was on his way to Italy, the climate of which had been recommended to him for a consumptive complaint; but he was only enabled to reach Southampton, where, at the end of a few weeks, his mortal career was thus prematurely closed.

Mr. Pollok was the author of a poem, in ten books, entitled *The Course of Time*,\* which lately appeared, and to which we are, now, sorry that we did not advert while its author yet lived to feel even the modified praise which, in justice, we could have bestowed upon his labours. But it came upon us with so high a sound from the North, that our judgment was startled, and we refrained from delivering an opinion, which, though favourable, seemed so little to correspond with the enthusiasm of Mr. Pollok's personal friends and admirers. The worthy Sir John Sinclair wrote an encomium on the poem (we regret having mislaid his Appeal); but still, though death has hallowed the subject, we cannot depart from our first opinions. Therefore, with every feeling quickened by the melancholy event we have recorded, we shall not be led into an undue appreciation of these volumes. That they are throughout pure, and seasonally not only beautiful but sublime, must be acknowledged by every reader; but that they, at the same time, betray a multitude of faults in expression, composition, and arrangement, is equally undeniable. Let us show by a few extracts the character and nature of the author's muse.—*A disappointed man of high feelings.*

"He listened, and heard from far the voice of Fame—  
Heard, and was charmed; and deep and sudden vow  
Of resolution made to keep his vow;  
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.  
His parents saw—his parents, whom God made  
Of kindest heart—saw and indulged his hope.  
The secret page he turned, read much, thought much,  
And with old bards of honourable name  
Measured his soul severely, and looked up  
To fame, ambitious of no second place.  
Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair;  
And out before him opened many a path  
Ascending where the laurel highest waved  
His branch of endless green. He stood admiring;  
But lo!—admirer not long. The harp he seized;  
The harp he loved—loved better than his life;  
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held  
The art of thought a captive to its song.  
He searched, and meditated much, and while  
With rapturous hand in secret touched the lyre,  
Aiming at glorious strains, and searched again  
For some deserving of immortal verse;  
Those now, and now refused, unsatisfied  
Passed, then disappointed, and tantalizing still.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud;  
Saw and heavily it came—a cloud  
Of life we wonder not; enough to say  
"Twas cold, and dead, and impenetrable gloom.  
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hope,  
One after one, put out, as water still;  
It drew his soul; but fainter not at first,  
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man  
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst,  
Endure what'er should come, without a sigh  
Knew, and drink, even to the very drop.

The bitter cup that time could measure out,  
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He called Philosophy, and with his heart  
Reasoned: he called Religion too, but called  
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.  
Ashamed to be derided by earthly woe,  
He sought, and sought with eye that dimmed apace,  
To find some avenue to light, some place  
On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain.  
Darker and darker still the darkness grew;  
At length he sunk, and disappointment stood  
His only comforter, and mournfully  
Told all was past. His interest in life,  
In being, ceased; and now he seemed to feel,  
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind  
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.  
The vigorous, weak became—the clear, obscure;  
Memory gave up her charge, decision reeled,  
And from her flight of reason—returned,  
Because she found no nourishment abroad.  
The blue heavens withered, and the moon, and sun,  
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn  
And evening, withered; and the eyes, and smiles,  
And faces of all men and women withered—  
Withered to him; and all the universe,  
Like something which had been, appeared, but now  
Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried  
No more to hope—wished to forget his vow—  
Wished to forget his harp—then ceased to wish.  
That was his last. Enjoyment now was done.  
He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.  
Of being sensible, and sensible  
Of loss, he as some atom seemed which God  
Had made superfluously, and needed not  
To build creation with, but back again  
To Nothing threw, and left it in the void,  
With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh, who can tell what days, what nights he spent,  
Of tedious, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!  
And who can tell how many, glorious once  
To others, and themselves of promise full,  
Conducted to this pass of human thought,  
This wilderness of intellectual death,  
Wasted and pined, and vanished from the earth,  
Leaving no vestige of memorial there!

It was not so with him: when thus he lay,  
Forlorn of heart, withered, and desolate,  
As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,  
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase  
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,  
And leave it there alone to be forgotten  
Eternally—God passed in mercy by,  
His praise be ever new! and on him breathed,  
And bade him live, and put into his hands  
A holy harp, into his lips a song.  
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time.  
Ambitious now but little to be praised  
Of men alone—ambitious most to be  
Approved of God, the Judge of all, and have  
His name recorded in the book of life."

We are free to imagine that this is a portrait of the author himself: it has its blemishes, but there is a peace and grandeur in its reflections, pointed to tenfold interest by the thought that the writer is now mouldering in the grave. Such a result takes away from us the idea of criticism: "the course of time" has been for the author, and must very soon be for us. That which in our page might have pained or delighted his spirit, is nothing to it now. Were we to call him a Milton, it were a mockery as worthless as the coffin-plate of tinzel and paltry manufacture which so often mocks the dead; and were we to scan the imperfections of his verse, what could he care for the criticism? After life's fitful fever, the cold earth laps all the poet's hopes and fears: his aspirations of future fame, what are they?—his thousands of fine thoughts, unembodied and unexpressed, but affording a consciousness of power that might improve a world—where is their being? And the imperfect accomplished, the mighty pro-

jected, are all that we know or can conceive of Robert Pollok—an individual of high gifts, and who abused not, if he has not been permitted to fulfil, the glorious destinies which nature opens to Genius.

We give another extract from the publication before us, as a fair example of what the bard has done, and promise of what he might have done. In the course of time the last day must come:—

"In customary glory bright, that morn the sun  
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,  
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong  
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars  
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night  
Died from his face: the spacious sky received  
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked  
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye  
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dew,  
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:  
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,  
And gave the wanton breeze, that newly woke,  
Rattle in oaks, and from its wings shook health,  
A thousand grateful smiles: the joyous woods  
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops  
Of night; and all the sons of music sung  
Their matin song: fronted arbour'd bowers, the thrush  
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high;  
On the green hill the cuckoo, and in the vale  
The hawk rejoiced; and light of sweet the hind  
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,  
Not hostile, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change: all nature moved  
In ordered harmony; as when they met,  
In morning adulation, praised the day,  
And talked of common things: the husbandman  
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope  
Promised another harvest: in the streets,  
Each wishing to make proof of his neighbour,  
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,  
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted still;  
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,  
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise  
Unconscious of trade's rough tone, made music sweet,  
Kissed with certain gales, behind the bark,  
Expected long, enriched with other climes,  
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw  
Parting with many a weeping farewell and  
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge.  
The rich laden carcase, bound to distant shores;  
And hopefully talked of her coming back,  
With richer freight;—or sitting at the desk,  
In calculation deep and intricate,  
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved  
At intervals the like some task with thought  
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtle look, amid his speculations sat  
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for count  
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch  
Fell luxury, sick of the night's debauch,  
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam  
That through his lattice peeped derisively.  
The restless miser had begun again  
To count his hoards;—before his tolls stood  
The fair, and, as with gulfed skill she decked  
Her loveliness, thought of the coming fall.  
New lovers, or the everer nuptial night,  
And evil men of desperate lawless life,  
By oath of deep damnation leagued to fill  
Memorably, fled from the face of day,  
Against the innocent their counsel held,  
Plotting unrepentable deeds of blood,  
And villainies of fearful magnitude.  
Despoils, secured behind a thousand bolts,  
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;  
Senates were meeting; statesmen loudly talked  
Of national resources, war and peace;  
And sagely balanced empires soon to end;  
And despotic joined missions, by the press  
Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies.  
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,  
For party schemes made interest, under cloak  
Of liberty, and right, and public weal;  
In holy convocations, bishops spoke of tithes,  
Aid of the spiritual wickedness of men;  
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,  
And universal rule, and panting hard  
For fame, honours were lending on the brave  
To little;—men, in science deeply read,

\* Published a few months since, in 2 vols. 12mo., by Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London.

And academic theory, forsooth, that  
Improvement, vast, and learned sceptics proved  
That earth should with fertility abound;  
Concluding madly that the sun was dead.

No sign of change appeared, so every man  
That day seemed as the past. From midnight path  
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all  
Her scenes of gladly folly smiled secure.  
When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun  
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned  
Up to the thrones of God; and over all  
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.  
Nature stood still—the seas and rivers stood,  
And all the winds! and every living thing.  
The catenae, that like a giant wrath  
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,  
By sudden frost with all his heavy locks,  
Stood still; and beasts of every kind stood still.  
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!  
Hope died in every breast; and on all men  
Came fear and trembling—none to his neighbour  
spoke!

Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child  
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.  
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;  
And as they stood, and listened, chariots were heard  
Rolling in heaven;—revealed in flaming fire,  
The angel of God appeared in stature vast,  
Blazing; and lifting up his hand on high,  
By him that lives for ever, swore, that Time  
Should be no more.—Throughout, creation heard,  
And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;  
Desponding waste and cultivated vale—  
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,  
Sighed—earth, arrested in her wonted path,  
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought  
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groined.  
A universal crash was heard, as if  
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark  
Foundations failed;—and deadly paleness sat  
On every face of man, and every heart  
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow shrank.  
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held  
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.  
Again o'er all the nations silence fell—

And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,  
That drove the thick darkness far and wide,  
And walked with penetration keen through all  
The echoes of some another angel stood,  
And blew the trump of God—“Awake, ye dead!  
Be changed, ye living! and put on the garb  
Of immortality! Awake! arise!”  
The God of judgment comes!—This said the voice;  
And silence, from eternity that slept  
Beyond the spheres of the creating word,  
And all the noise of Time, awakened, heard  
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all  
Her regions of despair;—the ear of Death  
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night  
Dressed on his laden cradle, shook—and all  
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,  
Crazy and old, or as he bled with age,  
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,  
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs  
New vigour flow;—the wrinkled face grew smooth;  
Upon the head that time had razured bare,  
Rose bushy locks; and as his son in prime  
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.  
Changing here the mother saw her son  
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form  
Of manhood;—and the wretch that beggins  
Limble, deformed, at scenes of the way  
Unmindful of his crust, in jolt and limb  
Arose complete;—and he that on the bed  
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,  
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now  
The tide of life and vigour rushing back;  
And looking up beheld his weeping wife,  
And daughter too, that o'er him bending stooped  
To close his eyes;—the frantic madman too,  
In whose confused brain reason had lost  
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,  
Grew sober, and his muscles fell off.  
The newly sheathed corpse arose, and stared  
On those who dressed it;—and the coffin dead,  
That men were heaving to the tomb—awoke,  
And mingled with their fellows, and armies, which  
The trumpet summoned, not in the furious shock  
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,  
Rise up at once, and to their gleamy chariots  
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.  
And as the anatomist, with all his band  
Of rude disciples, o'er the steepled human form  
And impotently bowed his way through bones,  
And muscles of the sacred human form,  
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze  
The mysteries of nature,—joints embraced  
His kindred joints, the wounded flesh grew up,  
And suddenly the injured man awoke.  
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete  
In immortality, forgiving scars  
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the show, long wished for by the good,  
Of universal jubilee in all  
The sons of conquest; from the oppressor's hand  
The scourge of violence fell; and from his back,  
Heal of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

# *The Progresses, &c. of King James the First* By John Nichols, F.S.A. &c. &c. 4to. J. Nichols and Son. Paris XVII. and XVIII.

It was originally proposed to complete this very curious and valuable work in eighteen Parts, forming three quarto volumes; but on nearing his anticipated conclusion, Mr. Nichols has found it impossible to compress his redundant materials within the prescribed bounds. Though the last two Parts have been enlarged to twice the bulk of their precursors, it is announced to be still necessary to add two more Parts of similar size; and thus, with index, lists, &c. &c. finish the publication in four volumes, dividing the third into two portions, each equal to Vols. I. and II. When we look at the number of rare tracts here collected together, and contemplate the mass of information which presents us with so striking a picture of the manners of the age,—we confess, that so far from being displeased at Mr. Nichols's obligatory departure from his plan, we are rejoiced at the extension of his labours. If the days of pageant and chivalry are gone, it is a most agreeable recreation to revive their memory; and we know no source more pleasing than these pages, wherein to study the amusements and catch the fashions and feelings of our forefathers.

So long ago as 1825 we reviewed with well-merited eulogy the first seven Parts; and in September last year, having noticed the appearance of other nine Parts, we made our readers acquainted with some of their entertaining contents. We have still, however, a great arrear of matter to handle before we shall have done any thing like justice to the author, and we must therefore crave a few papers for the illustration of his various and attractive intelligence.

In 1613, the Queen, Anne, visited Caversham House, on her way to Bath; and at the latter place we have the following anecdote of her bathing:

“About the conclusion of the sixteenth century a new bath was erected by the liberality of an individual. Mr. Bellot, the great benefactor to the church, was the author of this additional convenience to the city. He purchased a parcel of the priory land then on sale, and constructed a large cistern on the spot, for the use of the poor. This cistern, which was called the New Bath, adjoined to the King's Bath, and was fed by its overflows. It continued to bear this name, and to be appropriated to the use of the poor, till the year 1615 [1613], when both its appellation and its services were changed. The occasion was as follows:—As Anne, the queen of King James the First, was bathing in the King's Bath, there arose from the bottom of the cistern, just by her majesty, a flame of fire, like a candle, which had no sooner ascended to the top of the water, than it spread itself upon the surface into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened the queen, that notwithstanding the physicians assured her the light proceeded from a natural cause, yet she would bathe no more in the King's Bath, but betook herself to the New Bath, where there were no springs to cause the like phenomena; and from thence the cistern was called the Queen's Bath. It was soon enlarged; and the citizens erecting a tower or cross in the middle of it, in honour of the queen, finished it at the top with the figure of the crown of England over a globe, on which was written, in letters of gold, *Anna Regina Sacrum*.”

The introduction of the famous Duke of

Buckingham to be the favourite, is described in a remarkable way by Archbishop Abbot.

“I repute it not amiss,” (says he,) “to observe a few words of the Duke of Buckingham, as he was in his rising. I say nothing of his being in France, because I was not present, and divers others there be that remember it well; but I take him at his first repair to court. King James, for many incidencies, grew weary of Somerset; and the kingdom groaning under the triumvirate of Northampton, Suffolk, and Somerset, (though Northampton soon after died,) was glad to be rid of him. We could have no way so good to effectuate that which was the common desire, as to bring in another in his room; one nail (as the proverb is) being to be driven out by another. It was now observed, that the king began to cast his eye upon George Villiers, who was then cup-bearer, and seemed a modest and courteous youth. But King James had a fashion, that he would never admit any to nearness about himself but such an one as the queen should commend unto him, and make some suit on his behalf; that if the queen afterwards, being ill-treated, should complain of this dear one, he might make his answer, ‘It is long of yourself, for you were the party that commended him unto me.’ Our old master took delight in things of this nature. That noble queen (who now resteth in heaven) knew her husband well; and, having been bitten with favourites both in England and Scotland, was very able to adventure upon this request. King James, in the mean time, more and more loathed Somerset, and did not much conceal it that his affection increased towards the other; but the queen would not come to it, albeit divers lords (whereof some are dead, and some yet living) did earnestly solicit her majesty thereunto. When it would not do, I was very much moved to put to my helping hand, they knowing that Queen Anne was graciously pleased to give me more credit than ordinary, which all her attendants knew she continued till the time of her death. I laboured much, but could not prevail; the queen still saying to me, ‘My lord, you and the rest of your friends know not what you do. I know your master better than you all; for if this young man be once brought in, the first person that he will plague must be you that labour for him; yea, I shall have my part also. The king will teach him to despise and hardly intreat us all, that he may seem to be beholden to none but himself.’ Noble queen! how like a prophetess or oracle did you speak! Notwithstanding this, we were still instant, telling her majesty, that the change would be for the better. For George was of a good nature, which the other was not; and if he should degenerate, yet it would be a long time before he were able to attain to that height of evil which the other had. In the end, upon importunity, Queen Anne consented, and so pressed it with the king, that he assented; which was so stricken while the iron was hot, that in the queen's bed-chamber the king knighted him with the rapier which the prince did wear. And when the king gave order to swear him of the bed-chamber, Somerset importuned the king with a message, that he might be only sworn a groom. His majesty and others, that were at the door, sent to her majesty that she would perfect her work, and cause him to be sworn a gentleman of the chamber. There is a lord or two living that had a hand in this achievement.”

His majesty soon after this paid a second visit to Cambridge.



"The delight which the comedy of Ignorance had afforded the king was so great, that the month of March, in which it was acted, was not elapsed before he began to wish for a repetition of it. For this purpose, and to save himself the trouble of a journey to them, he endeavoured to prevail on the performers in it to come to London, and act there; but, failing in this attempt, he resolved on a second visit to Cambridge."

"But even royal pleasures must be accompanied by some drawbacks."

"On Sunday, May 14, at nine of the clock, there was a sermon in St. Mary's; at half an hour past ten the king went to Trinity Chapel, where he heard prayers and an anthem, and then a *deus* (*concordia aeterna*) in Trinity, sung by Mr. Simpson, of Trinity, which was an hour and half long, which seemed too tedious to his majesty; and therefore he shewed some distaste, not of the clero, for it was well and handsomely performed, but that the preacher had been so long to prevent tediousness, he being *over* night. The clero ended, there was another anthem sung and prayers, and then his majesty went to dinner."

"In Part XIV. the trials of the Earl and Countess of Somerset have some new and interesting notes."

"Of the relations between the throne and the judges, the subjoined affords an odd notion."

"The week before last, the Lord Coke was called before the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Attorney, who delivered him the king's pleasure, that he must forbear sitting in Westminster Hall as further commandment; but in the mean time he might execute and perform what pertained to his place in his chamber. The next week we shall have the business of the President canvassed in the Star-chamber, where no doubt he will be glanced at, if not nearly pinched. Justice Warburton was in some disfavor for hanging a Scottish falconer of the king's at Oxford, contrary, they say, to express commandment of the king's that he should be reprieved. It was generally said that he should be displaced, and have a writ of *esset*, as they call it; but, however, it comes to pass, he sits still in the Court of Common Pleas. Justice Winch likewise, and Sergeant Owen, are somewhat discountenanced for hanging certain witches in their circuit at Leicester; whereas the king, coming that way, found out the juggling and imposture of the law that counterfeited to be bewitched. It seems some ill planet hangs over our judges' heads here as in other places, that so many in so short time fall into disgrace."

"Our next extract relates to different personages."

"The Virginia woman Pocahontas,\* with her father Counsellor, have been with the king, and graciously used; and both she and her assistant well pleased at the masque. She is upon her return, though sore against her will, if the wind would allow to send them away."

"On the 24th of June Mr. Chamberlain had informed the king that Sir William Dale (knights at Richmond, June 24, 1606, Vol. II. p. 31) is arrived from Virginia, and brought with him some ten or twelve odd and young of that country, among whom the most remarkable person is Pocahontas, daughter to Powatan, a chief of the country, married to an Roanoke, an Englishman. I hear not of any other riches or matter of worth, but only some quantity of muskato, tobacco, pitch, and clove, which of no great value, unless there were more plenty and more handy. All I can hear of it is, that the country is good to live in, if it were stored with people, and might in time become commodious. But there is present profit to be expected. But you may understand by himself, when he comes into these parts, which he pretends to do within a month or little more."

"On the 20th of March following, Mr. Chamberlain

"On the 8th, Mr. Chamberlain wrote thus to Sir Dudley Carleton: 'The Frenchmen are gone after their great entertainment, which was too great for such petty companions, specially that of the Lord Hay, which stood him in more than 2,500*l*, being rather a profusion and spoil than reasonable or honourable provision, as you may guess at the rest by this scantling:—of seven score peacocks, twelve partridges in a dish throughout, twelve whole salmon, and whatever else that cost and curiosity could procure, in like superfluity; besides the workmanship and inventions of thirty cooks for twelve days. But the ill luck was, that the chief and most desired guest was away; for the young Lady Sidney, with her sister Lady Lucy Percy, going some two or three days before the feast to visit their father in the Tower, after some few carresses he dismissed his daughter Sydney to go home to her husband, and to send her sister's maids to attend her, for that he meant not to part with her, lest that she should keep him company, adding withal, that he was a Percy, and could not endure that his daughter should dance any Scottish figs. And there she continues, for aught I hear.'"

"After an absence of fourteen years from his native land, King James, in March 1616-17, set out to revisit it; and the accounts are full of curious points."

"This day (says Mr. Chamberlain) was appointed to set forward for Scotland; but because it falls out this year, forsooth, to be a dismal day, the king, queen, and prince removed yesterday to Theobalds. On Monday the queen accompanies him to Ward, and then returns. The prince, lord treasurer, and secretary, go so far as Huntingdon. The king tarries nine nights at Lincoln, four at York, and twelve at Newcastle, besides other places. Half the pensioners are gone with him; and twenty-four of the chapel to follow by sea. It is like to prove a very costly voyage every way. The Bishop of Winchester [Dr. Montague] carries with him, besides other provision, 2000 Jacobus pieces in specie. And you may think the rest do what they can in that kind. I never knew a journey so generally mislaid both here and there. The Lord Coke is left in the lurch; but sure it is God's doing, according to the old saying, *Perdere quos vult Jupiter, prius dementat*. For if he had had the grace to have taken hold of the match offered by Sir John Villiers, it is assuredly thought, that before this day he had been Lord Chancellor. But standing upon terms to give but 10,000 marks with his daughter; when 10,000*l* were demanded, and sticking at 1000*l*. a year during his life, together with some idle words that he would not buy the king's favour too dear,—being so uncertain and variable, he hath let slip the occasion, and brought himself to danger, besides the disgrace of paying double that sum, if he be convicted in the Star-chamber of somewhat that is thought will be proved against him."

"He began the journey with the spring, says Wilson, warning the country as he went with the glories of the court; taking such recreations by the way as might best beguile the days and cut them shorter, but lengthen the nights (contrary to the seasons); for what with hawking, hunting, and horse-racing, the days quickly ran away—and the nights, with feasting, masquing, and dancing, were the more extended. And the king had fit instruments

writes—"The Virginia woman died at Gravesend, as she was returning homeward, a melancholy fate not without several parallel instances among those remarkable foreigners of newly discovered nations which have visited England, among whom will be remembered the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands in 1792."

for these sports about his person, as Sir George Goring, Sir Edward Zouch, Sir John Finett, and others, that could fit and obtemperate the king's humour; for he loved such representations and disguises in their masquerades, as were witty and sudden, the more ridiculous the more pleasant. And his new favourite being an excellent dancer brought that pastime into the greater request. To speak of his advancement by degrees were to lessen the king's love; for titles were heaped upon him; they came rather like showers than drops. For as soon as Somerset declined, he mounted; such is the court motion!

"He now reigns sole monarch in the king's affection; every thing he doth is admired for the doer's sake. No man dances better, no man runs or jumps better; and, indeed, he jumps higher than ever Englishman did in so short time—from a private gentleman to a dukedom. But the king is not well without him, his company is his solace; and the court grandees cannot be well but by him; so that all addresses are made to him, either for place or office, in court or commonwealth."

### Jones's Travels in Russia, &c.

(Third Notice.)

HAVING devoted our last No. to those important views which Captain Jones's volumes take of the relative positions of Russia and Turkey, in the event of a war breaking out, we now, as we proposed, turn to the more miscellaneous features which agreeably diversify the work. Crossing over the Don to its Asiatic bank, we have an account of the town of Azof, and a delectable reconnaissance of its hospitality, as connected with the entertainment which our countryman received from one of the most beautiful of its inhabitants, at whose house he was quartered. At Azof were a hundred Circassian prisoners, taken about three weeks before by the Cossacks, for whose release three chiefs had come to negotiate.

"The Circassians view with much jealousy the approach of the Russians to their frontier, and bear a deadly hatred to them; but particularly to the Tcheromovsky Cossacks. All of those who fall into their hands, they treat most inhumanly. You will readily imagine that there is no love lost between them, or that they do not experience better treatment when retaliation can be inflicted without the knowledge of government, which forbids private revenge or punishment, reserving the latter to itself. The last winter, though extraordinarily late, was also, as at Petersburg, uncommonly severe; so much so, that the very annual circumstance of the Khabar being frozen took place. The Circassians, availing themselves of the facility which the ice afforded, crossed over in predatory parties, probably with the connivance of their chiefs, although they disclaimed all knowledge of the circumstance. They continued robbing and ill-treating all who came within their power, so as to render travelling after dark absolutely impossible. Remonstrances were made in vain, and of which information was sent to General Yermoloff, the commander-in-chief residing in Georgia, who is accountable to no authority but the emperor's, and is invested with the power of life and death. He directed every measure to be taken for the protection of travellers during the continuation of the ice on the river. And the moment it should be open, to send a strong detachment across, and seize all the inhabitants of the first village they should come to. This had been executed about three weeks before my arrival,

with very little loss, but not with complete success, after a night's watching nearly all the armed men made their escape, so that only about one hundred old men, women, and children, fell into the hands of the victors. They most inhumanly brought them prisoners over the Kuban, and, I lament to say, have continued as inhumanly to detain them, waiting for final orders from the commander-in-chief, who, before he decides, may probably make a reference to the emperor; so that the chance of delivery for these unfortunate people is still very distant. At the quarantine station we found three remarkably fine, manly-looking chiefs, armed with two sabres each, besides daggers, but no pistols, they having been left on the opposite bank. After some conversation with them, in which they expressed much indignation at the detention of the helpless captives, and solicitude for their release, we took our leave, in order to visit the prisoners in their places of confinement; and never did I behold such a disgraceful scene of misery and distress, leveling the human species with the brute creation. Many of them were in a state of complete nudity, all the rest were nearly so, and the whole of them were filthy to the vilest degree. Some were employed in the most disgusting offices, in order to remedy the effects of accumulated filth, occasioned not only by habitual want of cleanliness, but by the constraint in which they are kept (the men being even in chains). In this naked and desolate state, their only bed was some old mat; they crowded together at dark, in order, by continuing their animal heat, to counterbalance sleep, and to thereby relieve for a few hours from a consciousness of their wretched and degrading state, as well as to escape from the cutting pangs of hunger. I blush for the Christian character to be obliged to relate, that their allowance of provisions did not appear to be sufficient to support nature. We might judge of this more particularly from the avidity with which they solicited, and the gratitude with which they seized on, pieces of bread and bits of meat thrown to them by some humane women, much in the way in which you see swine, &c. thrown to dogs by kind masters. The struggle to seize the prey amongst the mothers was equally strong and obstinate; but when the prize was gained, it was grateful to see the maternal feelings of tenderness put the better of the pangs of hunger, and the delighted mother resign her hard-earned prize into the hands of her supplicating and tender infant. Moved by this horrible scene, I begged the officer to allow me to give a five-ruble note, in order to get them a general supply. This was explained to them, when they appeared to be quite overcome with astonishment at the magnitude of the donation; so it appears they are never in the habit of receiving from the pious donors more than they perhaps consider sufficient to satisfy their religious scruples. This, in general, is quite insufficient to appease the craving of all, or indeed of any; and thereby, in all probability, it is impossible to see any instance on the successful completion of the punishment of Tatarism, in addition to their already sufficiently aggravated misery. In the struggle, the women were often taken and retained several times before final possession was obtained. If the female had ever had any pretensions to beauty, they had lost it during their barbarous captivity; for I can with truth say, I never saw a group so totally devoid of even an approach to beauty, with the exception of fine dark eyes, which occasionally shot a flash of brightness, in spite of their encased eyelashes. In point of features, the males had greatly the advantage.

But I understand from a gentleman who has travelled more in the interior than most people, that the Circassian beauty, which we have so much vaunted, is by no means general in the country; but that when girls at a tender age give promise of it, the most extreme slavery pains are taken with them, and every means is resorted to, in order to improve and heighten the charms with their increasing years; this care is often defeated as accomplished the object. If the parents succeed, they prefer selling them to the Turks and other rigid Mahometans, to marrying them even to the richest chiefs of the country. Self-interest or selfish motives may, and no doubt do predominate in such transactions; but still the parents defend the practice, upon the principle of solicitude for their welfare and happiness, it being the only method which parents have of improving the lot of their handsome daughters, who are destined at all events for the harem. The rich Asiatic, who pays a high price for a beautiful mistress, treats her with great kindness, convinced that his success with the fair ones in paradise will depend on his behaviour to the sisterhood on earth. By being disposed of to rich Mussulmans, they are therefore sure to live in affluence, and in a state by no means degrading, according to Mahometan notions, their prophet having permitted the seraglio. But if they fall into the hands of their own chiefs, their lot is comparatively wretched; as they have very little respect for the fair sex. Such is the opinion of the Circassian parents on this curious subject. A Circassian prince, named Kess, is said to have formerly reigned in the Crimea or Taurida, upon whose death the throne was disputed by his two sons, Inal and Chombek. After long and desolating warfare, without decided superiority on either side, they quitted it altogether; the youngest son, Chombek, and his followers, retiring to upper Cabardian Circassia, while the elder son, Inal, and his adherents, settled in the lower, or Kuban. The descendants of the latter are the miserable wretches that I have just been describing. They are said to be ignorant, and only nominal Mahometans; but the few priests whom they have among them are highly respected. The dress of the chiefs that I saw was light, neat, and becoming. The upper garment was furnished with an embroidered pocket on each side for cartridges, and appeared of strong dark-brown cloth. The vest had the appearance of, and no doubt was, scale armour. The breeches were light, with straps at the knees; the one had boots, the other two red-morocco slippers. Their heads were shorn, and covered with rather an elegant, melon-shaped, embroidered cap; all had mustaches. Their shaggy, felt cloaks, in common use amongst all classes, were lying in the boat which had brought them over. On the opposite bank their fleet horses were waiting for them. Every family of distinction boasts of possessing a peculiar race of horses, which, when young, are burned on the hind quarter with a particular mark. On this occasion, they set with the most scrupulous adherence to ancient customs, so that a person who should attempt to burn a character expressing a noble descent on a filly of common race, would, for such forgery, forfeit his life. In general, the horses are more famed for strength, hardness, and swiftness, than for superior symmetry. Having, in three hours, passed the Cimmerian Bosphorus to Kerch (the Panticapæum of Strabo), where Mithridates died, but which is now an inconsiderable place, Captain Jones supplies us with some curious information relative to the place. Its antiquities have

been most barbarously destroyed, and we hear with great satisfaction that Messrs. Seignel and De Breux (two eminent commercial settlers there) have it now in commission to prohibit any such devastation in future; and it has been also commanded to transmit to the museum at Caffa all antiquities that may be discovered. But this latter order is characterized as "dampening the commendable ardour of these two gentlemen, and depriving the treasures of half their value, by removing them from their original situations of local interest." M. de Breux (continues our author) is an extremely clever, intelligent French engineer, employed by the director of the salt mines. He takes great interest in the discovery for the elucidation of the ancient history of Kerch; but having a large family, and being poorly paid, he had not the means of prosecuting his research. At length some of the patronized arts in Russia sent him two thousand five hundred rubles. With this sum he applied himself to the task with great ardour, and succeeded in opening two of the tumuli which, by their hidden treasures, amply repaid his research. Highly pleased at his success, and making sure of protection, he very judiciously sent the whole to his patron, rather than the treasures (independent of their intrinsic value) being intrinsically worth more than thirty thousand rubles, his only return was a complimentary letter, but not the least of further assistance; so that having put in his own spare cash, he is now obliged to devote his poverty, to deduct from all further search. The following is his interesting account of the opening of one of the tumuli. [We translate it.] "I caused two trenches to be opened, the one on the north, the other on the west side. The first was dug to the depth of a sajene without the occurrence of any favourable appearance. At the depth of an outhine in the west trench, we found a vase of common earth, which had been broken. As the trench became deeper, fragments of stone, mingled with brick, showed themselves; and at the depth of a sajene we discovered a wall of freestone, rough cast, the direction of which was from west to east. As this wall impeded the work, I ordered a part of it to be removed. Continuing our labours in the same direction, we discovered another wall close to the first, but twice as much raised, that is to say, a sajene. Towards the south we discovered another wall of the same height as the first, and parallel to it. At the distance of a sajene, a large stone, two archines high, was between the two, upright, and as if serving for a door. On one side it was supported by the first wall, on the other by a kind of pillar, attached to the last-discovered wall. This stone was two archines high, by one sajene long. We continued to clear away this wall. Towards the east, at a sajene from the first pillar, another appeared, of the same proportion; and between the two were the bones of a corpse, which was under the tumulus. We also found three or four small rings, containing a small Jasper stone, on which was engraved a head of Apollo. In continuing to clear away the wall, which I have said was to a sajene in height, we found that it was the left portion of a vault, the right side of which, or towards the south, had crumbled away, as well as half the roof; but it was only after having taken out a fine black earth with which it was filled, and some of the stones of the southern wall which were mingled with a portion of the earth of which the tumulus was formed, that we discovered this vault. Their excellencies M. and



Madame Comte Langerson descended into the vault, which might be about two or three feet deep, and found some very interesting remains of antiquity. The two first walls formed a vestibule or antechamber to the vault, which was separated from it by the large heavy door which I have already mentioned. Having discovered two sarkens of the wall on the outside, and not finding any remains there of the corpse, I thought it right to search underneath the ruins of the crumbled wall, or in the bottom of the vault; but as it was dangerous to work in the interior, in consequence of the little solidity of the earth above, I caused a channel to be opened the whole height of the vault towards the sea: and after two days' labour, we found an urn of the following form and proportions. An Etruscan painting decorated the front. It represented a crowned female seated in an arm-chair, having at her feet a pelican, the emblem of maternity; and holding in her hand an instrument of music. Behind her was a young female tuning a lyre; and before her were two other young females, one playing on Pan's pipes, the other on a harp. These three last-mentioned figures, who may be supposed to be the daughters of the principal figure with the pelican at her feet, seemed to be assisting her, by the harmony of their instruments, in passing peacefully from this world to the next; and the instrument which she held in her hand clearly indicated her fondness for music. Among the bones and burnt bones which the urn contained, was a neck-collar of filigree gold, so artfully wrought, that a near inspection was necessary to discover the tissue. Its thickness was that of a goose-quill, and its length such as might be a neck of ordinary size. At one end of the neck was a serpent's head, with a hole for the purpose of receiving a clasp which, no doubt, fastened it at the other end. This neck-collar was broken in the middle. The urn was covered with a fine varnish, in tolerable preservation. In another tumulus, opened by Colonel Poirer, another urn was found, of varnished gold, of the same colour. It was ornamented with two Etruscan paintings, (the one in front, the other behind), the figures of which I believe to be like those of the other, emblematical. The first painting represented a warrior, in the ancient Greek costume, lightly armed, standing in his hand a sword, and pursuing a chrysalis, who, flying, seemed anxious to parry with his club the cuts of his adversary. Behind the first was a third figure, representing a barbarian, a principal person of the horde, pierced by a Greek lance. It may, I think, be presumed that the ashes enclosed in this urn were those of a warrior, who died fighting against the barbarians whom the Greeks expelled in order to establish the colony of Pantiopolis, and who retired into the woods, which she shared that town towards the north. On the other side was represented a woman with arms, probably the family of the warrior. However that may be, the urn was a fine piece of antiquity. The colour of it was a deep olive-green, and there were two perpendicular lines on its sides." I shall not now give a brief conclusion of this story for our next.

## Sketches of Persia.

(Third Notice.)

Having now fairly entered upon these small but acceptable volumes, it is no easy matter to leave them; and we shall proceed with our entertaining scrutiny, taking a sample of anecd-

otes from our first number. Sir John Malcolm brought a Cabool nobleman from Persia to Calcutta, and he tells us, in his journal, "I took great pleasure in showing him that splendid capital of the British dominions in the East. I pointed out the crowded shipping in its noble river; the elegant streets thronged with carriages; the newly erected palace of its ruler; its college; the magnificent abodes of public officers and wealthy merchants; all, in short, that could impress him with an idea of the happy results of civilisation. Seeing my friend quite delighted with the contemplation of this rich scene, I asked him, with some exultation, what he thought of it? 'A wonderful place to plunder!' was his reply; and his eyes glistened, as he made it, with anticipated enjoyment. I mentioned this anecdote to my Christian friend, Khojah Arratoon, our treasurer. 'Ay, ay,' said the old man, 'nature will come out. What you have related verifies our Armenian proverb; they were preaching the gospel over the head of a wolf.' Stop! said he; 'I see a flock of sheep passing.' The envoy formed a friendly acquaintance with one Shaikh-ool-Islam, an expounder of the Koran, and proceeds to say: 'The Shaikh endeavoured to impress him with a favourable opinion of the law of which he was an organ, and illustrated his arguments with anecdotes of religious and learned men, of which I shall give those that struck me as the happiest. The celebrated Abou Yusupli, he said, who was chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of the Caliph Hadei, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. 'It is related of this judge,' said the Shaikh-ool-Islam, 'that on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him.' 'Pray, do you expect,' said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, 'that the caliph is to pay your ignorance?' 'I do not,' was the mild reply; 'the caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice.'

"Twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators of this atrocious act could not for a long period be discovered; but Kerreem Khan, deeming this occurrence so deeply injurious to that impression of security and justice which it was the labour of his life to establish, commanded the officers of justice to persevere in their search, till the offenders were detected, threatening them and others who had heard the cries of the murdered men with vengeance, unless they effected a discovery, which he considered essential to his own reputation. After some months had elapsed, it was discovered by accident that a small branch of Kerreem Khan's own tribe of Zend, at that time encamped near Shiraz, were the murderers. Their guilt was clearly proved, and all who had been actually engaged in the murder were sentenced to death. Powerful intercession was made that some at least should be pardoned; but the prince had vowed that every man should suffer, and their being of his own favoured tribe made him more inexorable. They had, he said, brought disgrace on him as their sovereign and as their chief, and could not be forgiven. When the prisoners were brought before him to receive sentence, there was amongst them a youth of twenty years of age, whose appearance inter-

ested every spectator, but their anxiety was increased to pain when they saw the father of this young man rush forward and demand, before they proceeded to the execution, to speak to the prince. Permission was granted; and he addressed him as follows: 'Kerreem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, said it is just; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young; he has been deluded into crime; his life is forfeited, but he has hardly tasted the sweets of life; he is just betrothed in marriage; I come to die in his stead; be merciful! let an old worn-out man perish, and spare a youth, who may long be useful to his tribe; let him live to drink of the waters, and till the ground of his ancestors!' Kerreem Khan is stated to have been greatly moved by the old man's appeal; he could not pardon the offence, having sworn on the Koran that all concerned should be put to death; and with feelings very different from our ideas of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of a tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went, exultingly to meet his fate. While all around were filled with pity, his son, wild and distracted with grief, was loud in imploring the prince to reverse his decree, to inflict on him that death which he merited, and to save the more valuable life of his aged, devoted, and innocent parent. When Abbas the Great was hunting, he met, one morning as the day dawned, an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly dismounted, and deeming it a bad omen, he called out in a rage to have his head struck off. The poor peasant, whom they had seized, and worn on the point of executing, prayed that he might be informed of his crime. 'Your crime,' said the king, 'is your unskilful countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning; and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse.' 'Alas!' said the man, 'by this reckoning, what term must I apply to your majesty's countenance, which was the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death! The king smiled at the wit of the reply, ordered the man to be released, and gave him a present instead of taking off his head. The following story is very characteristic.

"Sedik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sedik's conduct, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Housheer, who, though beautiful as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and uncontrollable temper. Giving a husband of the condition of Sedik Beg to a lady of Housheer's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving a man a slave; and as the heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to this marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace. Some of Sedik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely humped, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought,

of seeing another in the same condition with himself. About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. 'Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sâdik,' said he, 'on this happy event!' 'Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends.' 'Do you really mean to say you are happy?' said Merdek, with a smile. 'I really am so,' replied Sâdik. 'Nonsense,' said his friend; 'do we not all know to what a terminant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion.' 'Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom. Sâdik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. 'My friend,' said he, 'I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife.' 'But how has this miraculous change been wrought?' 'Why,' said Sâdik, 'I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear. After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Housseine. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were any thing but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since.' 'Thank you, my dear fellow,' said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head. 'A word to the wise' and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced. It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a cimeter. The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dismembered members of the cat; but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor. The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenâneh to zenâneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. 'Take that,' said she, as she gave him another cuff; 'take that, you paltry wretch; you should, she added, laughing him to scorn, 'have killed the cat on the wedding day.'

We must now, however, revert a little more connectedly and circumstantially to the author's journey and narrative. Some field sports near Persepolis are thus described.

'When at Shiraz, the elchee had received a present of a very fine shâh-baz, or royal falcon. Before going out,' he tells, 'I had been amused at seeing Nutee Beg, our head falconer, a man of great experience in his department, put upon this bird a pair of leathers, which he fitted to its thighs with as much care

as if he had been the tailor of a fashionable horseman. I inquired the reason of so unusual a proceeding. 'You will learn that,' said the consequential master of the hawk, 'when you see our sport;' and I was convinced, at the period he predicted, of the old fellow's knowledge of his business. The first hare seized by the falcon was very strong, and the ground rough. While the bird kept the claws of one foot fastened in the back of its prey, the other was dragged along the ground till it had an opportunity to lay hold of a tuft of grass, by which it was enabled to stop the course of the hare, whose efforts to escape, I do think, would have torn the hawk asunder, if it had not been provided with the leathern defences which have been mentioned. The next time the falcon was flown gave us a proof of that extraordinary courage which its whole appearance, and particularly its eye, denoted. It had stooped and quite disabled the second hare by the first pounce, when two greyhounds, which had been slipped by mistake, came up, and endeavoured to seize it. They were, however, repulsed by the falcon, whose boldness and celerity in attacking the dogs, and securing its prey, excited our admiration and astonishment. We had some excellent sport with smaller hawks at partridges. I was particularly pleased with one bird, which kept hovering over our heads till the game was sprung, and then descending like a shot, struck its prey to the ground.'

At Isfahan the journal proceeds—

'The governor gave the elchee an entertainment, which began, as usual, with sweetmeats and fruit; and after pipes, coffee, tumbling, wrestling, and fireworks, a sumptuous dinner was served up. Another day we were invited to breakfast with my old friend Hajee Ibrahim Kâledoonce, who gave us milk prepared in seventy-two different ways, being, as Hajee Houssein whispered me, in accordance with the seventy-two sects in the religion of Mahomed. Whether there was such a design or not I cannot say, but the fare was admirable, and I was delighted to find my friend, who is, besides being an extensive farmer, a kethkhâ, or magistrate, of the ward of Kâledoon in Isfahan, the same plain-dressed, plain-spoken, humorous person we had left him ten years before. He took us, as he had formerly done, to the wonder of his quarter, the shaking minarets. When a person mounts to the top of one of these, and moves his body, it vibrates, and the vibration is imparted to the other, though at a distance of about forty feet, the width of the mosque to which they belong. While my companions were trying this experiment, and wondering at the cause, I remained on the terrace conversing with Hajee Ibrahim. I noticed a small village about a mile distant, which seemed deserted. 'Is that oppression?' said I. 'No,' said the hajee, 'worse.' 'Why,' said I, 'the Türkûmans cannot have carried their incursions so near the town.' 'They could not have done the work so complete,' said my friend, smiling. 'Who has done it?' I asked. 'A doctor,' replied he; 'a proper fellow, who acquired great reputation, and he deserved it, from the heirs of his patients, at least. That village literally perished under his hands in five years. Now he is gone I know not where; but good luck attend him, so he comes not again to our neighbourhood.'

'Some years ago, this city was governed by a brother of the celebrated Hajee Ibrahim, whose family at that time held several of the first offices in the kingdom; and I heard that minister tell the elchee the following anecdote: A shopkeeper, he said, went to his brother to

represent that he could not pay an impost. 'You must pay it, like others,' said the governor, 'or leave the city.' 'Where can I go?' asked the man. 'To Shiraz or Cashan.' 'Your nephew rules the one city, and your brother the other.' 'Go to the king and complain, if you like.' 'Your brother the hajee is prime minister.' 'Then go to hell,' said the enraged governor. 'Hajee Merhoom, the pious pilgrim, your father, is dead,' retorted the undaunted Isfahane. 'My friend,' said the governor, bursting into a laugh, 'I will pay the impost myself, since you declare my family keeps you from all redress, both in this world and the next.'

'The merchants of Persia form a distinct class. I had now seen those of Abusheher, Shiraz, and Isfahan, and found their general character nearly the same. So long as they have no concern with state affairs, and accept of no employment from government, they enjoy considerable security. The plunder of a merchant, without some pretext, would shake all confidence, and be fatal to that commerce from which a great proportion of the public revenue is derived; the most tyrannical monarchs therefore have seldom committed so impolitic an act of injustice. But this class have suffered so severely in the late revolutions of the country, that they continue to act with great caution. They are not only very circumspect in their dealings, but, like wary diplomats, every merchant has a cipher, known only to himself and his correspondents. By this means they receive and convey that intelligence which is essential to give safety to their speculations. Some few make a display of their wealth; but in general their habits are not merely frugal, but penurious. This disposition often increases with age to a degree that would hardly be credited if we had not similar instances in our own country. The popular impression is so strong on this subject, that they relate the following story as a fact, to exemplify it:—A merchant who had lately died at Isfahan, and left a large sum of money, was so great a niggard, that for many years he denied himself and his son, a young boy, every support except a crust of coarse bread. He was, however, one day tempted by the description a friend gave of the flavour of cheese to buy a small piece; but before he got home he began to reproach himself with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese he put it into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged his child to do the same, with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination. One day that he returned home later than usual, he found his son eating his crust, and rubbing it against the door. 'What are you about, you fool?' was his exclamation. 'It is dinner-time, father; you have the key, so I could not open the door.' 'I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get to the bottle.' 'Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal? you'll never be rich!' added the angry miser, as he kicked the poor boy for not being able to deny himself the ideal gratification.'

[To be concluded in our next.]

*The Weaver's Boy, a Tale; and Other Poems.*  
By the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townsend. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 228.

WE have before given our cordial praise to the contents of this little volume; and now that cultivation and added flowers have improved the originally fertile soil, we have still higher commendation to bestow. There are many very sweet poems which now make their first



and from among our favourites we select the following.

*"The Wall-Flower."*

The rose and lily blossom fair,  
But all unmet for sorrow's child:  
They deck the bowers and gay parterre,  
And for Mirth alone they smile.  
The cowslip nods upon the lea;  
And, where wild wreaths the green lane dress,  
The woodbine blooms, but not for me,  
For these are haunts of Happiness.

Will not seek the mossy bed,  
Where violets court soft vernal showers,  
For Quiet there reclines her head,  
And Innocence is gathering flowers.

The Wall-flower only shall be mine;  
Its modest faith is dear to me;  
To modest tower and prostrate shrine  
It clings with patient constancy,

And, nodding of love, blooms on,  
Though all unseen its beauties die,  
And, though for desert gales alone,  
Its fragrance rich as Arabi,

It there appears a generous scorn  
Of all regal in its choice!  
The thousand flowers that earth adorn,  
In earth's exuberant stores rejoice.

It only seeks the freshening dew,  
Tasting all where naught is given—  
Held above earth, as if it drew  
Its only nutriment from heaven.

O thou, whose love is all to me,  
For thy sake I love the flower!  
I know it resembles thee,  
And I love the lone and ruin'd tower.

Thou knowest that in my desert halls  
The pride of youth and hope is o'er—  
That, stilt, decayed, my crumbling walls  
Repose, and whether yield no more.

Yet on thy dark and dreary pile  
I dwell: The lone and ruin'd tower has hung,  
And all it asks is still to smile,  
Blood, face, and die, where once it clung."

*"Anxiety."*

There they with a thrilling fear,  
For, gazing on thy pensive cheek,  
I see Decay too busy there,  
Or trouble at the hectic streak.

Thy hair, though dark and glossy, reveals  
That touching and unearthly charm,  
Where early death hath set its seal,  
And thou too gently for alarm.

While gazing on eve's parting smile,  
I see the ebb of day,  
Nor heed that night steals on the while,  
I'll hide the latest that away.

O, wandering where the forest weaves  
Its fairy bowers, by Autumn dress,  
We half forget that autumn leaves  
Fall when their huss are lovers.

O look not! lest my tears should start  
So mournfully, so tenderly,  
As if the thought were in the heart,  
What I must bear, bereft of thee.

And thou, that dost anticipate  
My lonely lot divorced from thine,  
And sadly dost forebode thy fate,  
Not for thy own dear sake, but mine."

"One after one, the joys of youth  
Had died away,  
And visions of unfading truth,  
As false as they;

Then came a dark and dreary chill,  
More sad than grief;  
The very pang that bade me feel,  
Had seem'd relief.

I saw thee smile; the icy chain  
Began to melt;—  
I heard thee speak; and once again  
I wept, I felt I

Thy gentle care once more for me  
Hope's garland wove;  
And all my soul's dark apathy,  
Touched by thy love.

One picture—as the languid mist  
Of summer fies;  
By morning's summer radiance kist,  
Melts in bright dew.

And thou hast given me light and life,  
Fond hopes, sweet fears;  
The varying passions' pleasing strife,  
And smiles and tears."

"It's fine sense of the beauties of nature, if  
kind and affectionate feelings, thoughts whose

poetry doth lie too deep for tears," yet often  
touched with that melancholy which is the  
bard's privilege, constitute a poet.—Mr. Town-  
send is a poet; a truth which no one who reads  
this volume will dispute.

*Elements of Physics. By Dr. Arnott.*

(Second notice: continuation.)

To relieve the mind after mere descriptions  
of objects, the author scatters over the book  
such paragraphs as the following, which convey  
sometimes philosophical reflections on the sub-  
jects explained, sometimes allusions to his own  
experience. This, during voyages made for-  
merly to every variety of scene and climate,  
has been so interesting, that the work, while  
purely philosophical, still has in many parts the  
charm of a personal narrative. The extracts  
will give the reader an idea of the author's  
style of language and tone of mind.

*Barometer.*—"To the husbandman the baro-  
meter is of considerable use, by aiding and correct-  
ing his prognostication of the weather drawn from  
local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a  
weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who  
roams over the whole ocean, under skies and  
climates altogether new to him. The watchful  
captain of the present day, trusting to this ex-  
traordinary monitor, is often enabled to take in  
sail, and to make ready for the storm, where,  
in former times, the dreadful visitation would  
have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine  
barometer has not yet been in general use for  
many years, and the author was one of a num-  
berous crew who probably owed their preser-  
vation to its almost miraculous warning. It  
was in a southern latitude. The sun had  
just set with placid appearance, after a beau-  
tiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the  
evening watch was proceeding, when the cap-  
tain's order came to prepare with all haste for  
a storm. The barometer had begun to fall  
with appalling rapidity. As yet the old sailors  
had not perceived even a threatening in the  
sky, and they were surprised at the extent and  
hurry of the preparations: but the required  
measures were not completed, when a more  
awful hurricane burst upon them than the  
most experienced had ever braved. Nothing  
could withstand it; the sails, already furled  
and closely bound to the yards, were driven  
away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts  
were in great part disabled; and at one time  
the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the  
board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled  
rear of the hurricane above, of the waves  
around, and of the incessant peals of thunder,  
that no human voice could be heard, and, amidst  
the general consternation, even the trumpet  
sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for  
the little tube of mercury which had given the  
warning, neither the extraordinary strength of  
the noble ship, nor the skill and energy of the  
commander, would have saved one man to tell  
the tale. On the following morning the wind  
was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the  
yet heaving waves an unsightly wreck."

*Balloon.*—"There are, perhaps, few occasions  
calculated more to surprise and delight the mind,  
than when a balloon is first beheld sailing high  
in the bosom of the air, and lifting man to re-  
gions far beyond those which the soaring eagle  
has ever reached; and to the intrepid aeronaut  
himself, the scene of a world displayed beneath  
him is unquestionably the grandest which mortal  
eye has ever compassed. Even wide-spread  
London, the queen of the cities of the earth,  
and a little world within itself, when viewed  
from such an elevation in the sky, appears but

as a dusky patch upon a map, where the sur-  
rounding Thames is seen winding as a silvery line,  
and where the magnificent temples and palaces  
scattered around appear but as darker points  
rising out of the general mist of buildings, in  
which a million and a half of human beings  
reside."

*Eolian Harp.*—"The Eolian harp is a long  
box or case of light wood, with harp or violin  
strings extended on its face. These are gene-  
rally tuned in perfect unison with each other,  
or to the same pitch, as it is expressed; but  
when the harp is suspended among trees, or in  
any situation where the fluctuating breeze may  
reach it, each string, according to the manner  
in which it receives the blast, sounds either  
entire or breaks into some of the simple  
divisions just described—[referring to a pre-  
ceding part]—the result of this is the produc-  
tion of the most pleasing combination and suc-  
cession of sounds that fancy has ever listened to  
or perhaps conceived. After a pause, this  
fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low  
and solemn note, like the bass of distant mu-  
sic in the sky; the sound then swells as if ap-  
proaching, and other tones break forth, ming-  
ling with the first and with each other. In the  
combined and varying strain sometimes one  
sweet note predominates and sometimes an-  
other, as if single musicians alternately led the  
band; and the concert often seems to approach  
and again to recede, until with the unequal  
breath it dies away, and all is again at rest. It  
is no wonder that the ancients, who understood  
not the nature of air, nor consequently even of  
simple sound, should have deemed the music of  
the Eolian harp supernatural; and in their  
warm and chaste imaginations should have  
supposed that it was the strain of invisible be-  
ings from above, descended in the stillness of  
evening or night, to converse with men in the  
heavenly language of soul, intelligible to  
both. But even now that we understand it  
well, there are few persons so insensible to  
what is delicate and beautiful in nature as to  
listen to this wild music without emotion;  
while to the informed ear it is additionally de-  
lightful from the fine illustration which it af-  
fords of those simple laws of sound which hu-  
man ingenuity at last has traced."

*Steam Engine.*—"The fertile genius of James  
Watt did not stop at the accomplishment of  
two or three important particulars, but through-  
out the whole detail of the component parts  
and of the various applications of the engine, he  
contrived miracles of simplicity and usefulness.  
It would exceed the prescribed bounds of this  
work to enter more minutely into the subject;  
but we may remark that, in the present perfect  
state of the engine, it appears almost a thing  
endowed with intelligence. It regulates with  
perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of  
its strokes in a given time, and it counts and  
records them as a clock does the beats of its  
pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam  
admitted to work; the briskness of the fire;  
the supply of water to the boiler; the supply  
of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its  
valves with mathematical precision as to time  
and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out  
any air which may accidentally enter into parts  
that should be vacuum; it warns its attend-  
ants, by ringing a bell, when any thing goes  
wrong which it cannot of itself rectify;—and  
with all these talents and qualities, and though  
it have the power of six hundred horses, it is  
obedient to the hand of a child: its aliment is  
coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible; it  
consumes none while idle; it never tires, and  
wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady





is not mentioned; but with that exception there appears to be every species of stimulating composition in the liquid way; and where the nature of drinking is as ably followed as the nature of composition is temptingly expounded, we are reminded that prodigious lights must issue from this bountiful Alma Mater. Indeed, no College which we ever saw at College compared with the Night Caps.

**Letter on Early Education.** Addressed to John Green, Esq. by Pestalozzi. Translated from the German MS., with a Memoir of Pestalozzi. 8vo. pp. 157. London, 1827. Shawwood, Gilbert, and Piper; Harris; E. Wilson; Darton and Harvey; and Hailes. The celebrity of Pestalozzi, and the wide extent to which his system of education has been carried on the Continent, render the present publication a very welcome one to every philanthropist. The subject is of the deepest concernment to the human race, most of whose blessings and sufferings have their bases in the training of the infant mind. We therefore warmly commend this volume to the public attention. Pestalozzi, born at Zurich in 1745, died in February last; nearly his whole life having been devoted to the benefit of his fellow-citizens in plans of popular education.

**A Short Report of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c.** By J. H. Curtis, Esq. Surgeon to the Institution. Though this little publication we learn that Mr. Curtis has laboured with success as well as ability in that department of the medical profession upon which he has concentrated his attention. The amount of this success he is rightly revealing, at least as far as it may be connected with the interests of a public charity, the application of which is more particularly applied to his skill and experience. The Institution seems to be very respectably supported; and while the general amount of relief afforded to distressed objects may compare with that emanating from any similar charity, it is a fact of peculiar interest, that the deaf and dumb, generally looked upon as the most pitiable members of society, might often be cured by the merit, were they subjected to a proper examination and method of treatment, before being placed in asylums appropriated to their education.

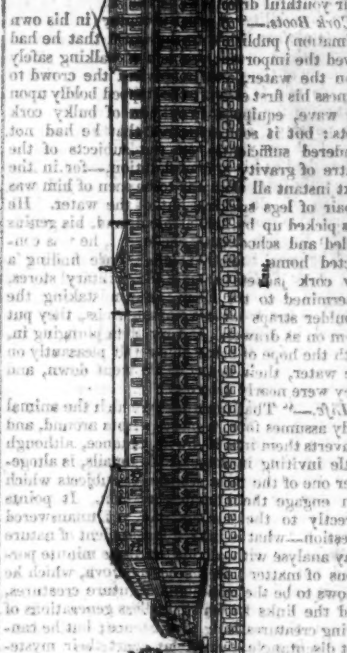
**Naval Biography, &c.** By John Marshall, Lieut. R.N. 8vo. pp. 482. Supplement. Part I. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

To render his excellent work on our naval annals more perfect, Lieutenant Marshall is publishing these supplemental volumes, in which are given brief memoirs of the services of every officer, from the flag to the rank of commander, inclusive, whose names appear in the Admiralty list of 1823. The biographical notices are interesting, and the details of actions and other historical events in which our gallant warriors engaged, still more so. This volume has the first English sale from 1806 to 1809; and consequently embraces a number of highly distinguished individuals, who have signalled themselves in higher stations, and on many important occasions.

**IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.**

Among the most striking and important architectural improvements in the metropolis, perhaps the most striking and important are those now in progress in St. James's Park,

especially on the site of Carlton House and Gardens. As the new buildings must form for many years very prominent objects of public curiosity, and as that curiosity has been already excited in no common degree to be acquainted with the plans in progress, we have been anxious to procure as much information as possible on the subject; and to the kindness of the proprietor of one of the mansions now erecting, we are indebted for the beautiful elevation of the front towards St. James's Park, of which a perfect idea may be gathered from the preceding engraving. Indeed so explanatory is our print of the whole design, that when we say that the substructure is a carriage (containing the kitchens and other domestic offices), of about fifty feet wide, that its order of architecture is the Tuscan Doric, surrounded by a balustrade, that between each intercolumniation is a window placed on a string course, and under each a large block of rusticated rock-work, (these will be understood by general readers, as they appear divided in the lower part of the drawing), its appearance and effect will be at once readily understood. Of the superstructure we need only say that the order adopted is the Corinthian. The Fountain, as we long since mentioned, will be formed of the eight columns of the Portico of Carlton House, with eight additional columns of the same model. The basement story of the houses is to be supplied with water by the overflow of this Fountain and Jet. The new buildings which appear in the distance or background, corresponding with the central building are the United Service Club and the new wing of the Fountain, parks and extensive surrounding area.



It may be intelligence to country readers to state, that the range of building will extend from Spring Garden, Charing Cross, on the east, to the Ordnance Office in Pall Mall, on the west. The most western pile is now building, and will be occupied by the following noblemen and gentlemen, beginning at the end next the Fountain: Mr. Alexander, 2d Sir Robert Taylor, Mr. Hastings, 4th Duke of Leinster, Lord Caledon, Sir Charles Sturt, Lord de Clifford, and Lord Kensington. On the eastern side, one house only, that next the Fountain, is at present in progress, for Sir Matthew White Ridley; seven others of course are yet to be secured and erected to complete the plan on this side; but before this can be done, the existing house and stables of his Majesty's late residence must be removed.

**ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.**  
The English theatre is the main stage of wonder. Many of the phenomena become as it is fashionable, so popular, so close, so warm, English pecuniations; and so will to have it thought, that our stage is the only one in the world. Audiences have the genius of Shakespeare at every representation of the ancient, and the dramatic the history of the writers in the *Journal des Débats*, and recollecting that Voltaire called Shakespeare *Gros Shakespeare*, and that by it to insinuate our immortal bard in a clumsy article entitled *Judgment* which condemns him, and *Gros Shakespeare*, &c. &c. He master a great deal of ink and paper to prove that Shakespeare is a gross, ignorant dramatist, with a few imitations of genius dispersed here and there in his works, and that he was the production of a drunken savage! — But let us see what the

original correspondence has to say on this subject. The English theatre is the main stage of wonder. Many of the phenomena become as it is fashionable, so popular, so close, so warm, English pecuniations; and so will to have it thought, that our stage is the only one in the world. Audiences have the genius of Shakespeare at every representation of the ancient, and the dramatic the history of the writers in the *Journal des Débats*, and recollecting that Voltaire called Shakespeare *Gros Shakespeare*, and that by it to insinuate our immortal bard in a clumsy article entitled *Judgment* which condemns him, and *Gros Shakespeare*, &c. &c. He master a great deal of ink and paper to prove that Shakespeare is a gross, ignorant dramatist, with a few imitations of genius dispersed here and there in his works, and that he was the production of a drunken savage! — But let us see what the

...the only way to see an elegant ...  
...the only way to see an elegant ...  
...the only way to see an elegant ...

To the honour of the French periodical press generally be it spoken, the establishment of an English theatre at Paris has been viewed with kindness, and even friendship; it is considered as a step towards the removal of those national prejudices which have been fostered for centuries between two nations which merit reciprocal sentiments of esteem, as being at the head of civilisation, the sciences, and arts. Potiers' gracious reception by his Majesty George IV. went a great way in eradicating hostile feelings. The French pique themselves on urbanity, and do not like to be outdone in politeness. It is said that the royal family intend to honour the English theatre with their presence: this will produce the happiest effect. One drawback on the effect of the English drama in France is the want of scenery; for on the French stage the same decorations serve for a whole act.

The cloud which hung over literature, from the severe financial crisis, is disappearing, and the great literary undertakings are carried on as heretofore. The excellent History of Europe, by the late Count de Lacépède, in eighteen vols. 8vo. is finished; two thousand copies have already been sold, and the editors are preparing a second edition. M. de Lacépède has, in his work, refuted many popular errors. Constantine the Great, the Christian emperor, who saw the luminous cross, with the inscription, *In hoc signo vinces*, is reduced by the author, from authentic historical facts, to be little better than a heathen. He was, indeed, only a catechumen, or pupil of Christianity, who was not received into the bosom of the church by the mystery of baptism; and it appears that his conversion was merely political, for he still retained the functions of high priest of Jupiter, and exercised them until his death. Who has not been affected at the tale of Belshazzar, the conqueror of

Persia, Africa, and Italy, blind, old, and begging his bread? Historians, poets, and painters, have all traced the subject to show the instability of all human things; and *Dante eodem Belshazzar* has excited the liveliest sympathies in all ranks and all ages. To the honour of Constantine be it recorded, that the whole tale is fabulous: Belshazzar was only in disgrace for one year; he was never reduced to poverty; and was restored to favour, and lived three years afterwards, honoured and cherished as his great merits deserved. These are only two of the numerous historical errors which M. de Lacépède has corrected in his admirable work, which we hope to see one day in an English dress.

The great scientific work, *Dictionnaire Classique de l'Histoire Naturelle*, edited by the learned Colonel Bory de St. Vincent, has reached the twelfth volume; it is to be comprised in fifteen. Every article is written specially for the work, by the most eminent naturalists. The twelfth volume contains several articles of first-rate importance. Under the word *œuf* (egg) the whole theory of incubation in the various classes of animated nature is developed by M. Andouin. Ourang outang, the connecting link between man and the brute creation, is treated in a superior manner by the learned editor. Under the head *oscillaria* (the tremella of English botanists) the same author proves, in the most satisfactory manner, that they are animal, and not vegetable productions. He describes twenty-eight species, and ranges them under the class *psychodaire*, as forming a link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. There is a very excellent article on *oscillaria* in Rees's Cyclopædia, under the head *tremella*; they are there ranked under the vegetable kingdom; but M. Bory, after thirty years attention to the subject, has clearly ascertained their appertaining to the animal kingdom; the same as coral and sponge, which many eminent naturalists considered, and perhaps still consider, as vegetable.

It is to be lamented, that the many learned scientific dissertations of our neighbours are buried in the works containing them, and are lost to the studios of other countries. It would be an undertaking worthy of the present advanced state of science and civilisation, to publish a periodical work in which all foreign discoveries in the arts and sciences should be given, in, if possible, the very terms of the authors. This would greatly tend to the diffusion of knowledge, and spare long and deep researches to attain that information which had already been made public. The valuable time thus employed would be devoted to further researches; and thus science would be a great gainer. The masterly articles contained in the volume before us would make an octavo volume of great interest.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

30th day, 3 hrs. 47' 15", the sun will be eclipsed, invisible to the northern hemisphere. This eclipse will be very considerable to the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego and the Falkland and Shetland Isles; the natives of the former place will, it is probable, regard this obscuration of the glorious luminary without either terror or interest, they being represented as constituting one of the lowest links in the chain of human beings, regarding all around them with indifference, and totally void of that curiosity so characteristic of man. In 69° 40'

south latitude, the eclipse will be annular; and as this is the highest south latitude where it has been discovered, (an island, probably part of the Archipelago of South Shetland), the phenomenon may be observed by those engaged there in the South Whale Fishery. The circumstances of the eclipse will be interesting. The sun's diameter will be  $32\frac{1}{2}''$  that of the moon  $32\frac{1}{2}''$ ; half the difference of these diameters, namely, two and half seconds, or  $\frac{1}{12}$  part of the solar diameter, will be the breadth of a fine filament of intense brightness, surrounding the opaque body of the moon; this golden circle will continue visible but a very short time; for the extremity of the moon's conical shadow terminating without reaching the earth, and moving thirty miles in a minute of time, any place over which it passes is quickly out of the centre of the penumbra. It is probable, that during the time of the greatest obscuration, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter, may be seen, being in the neighbourhood of the conjoined luminaries; this phenomenon will occur near the left foot of the Virgin, and six degrees east of the brilliant star Spica Virginis: Mercury will be 17°, and Venus 30° east of the sun; Mars 32°, and Jupiter 11° west at the time of the eclipse. It is rather remarkable, that the whole of the system, excepting Saturn and Uranus, will this month be in the sign Virgo. There will not be an annular eclipse visible in this country till the year 1856: the next following will be in 1857 and 1858—the latter will make the nearest approach to a total eclipse that will be visible in the British Isles for a long period of time.

##### Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

Full Moon, in Ploceus	14 14
First Quarter, in Capricorn	19 19
New Moon, in Virgo	24 24
Third Quarter, in Cancer	29 29

The Moon will be in conjunction with	
Saturn in Gemini	19 19
Mars in Leo	17 17
Jupiter in Virgo	24 24
Venus in Dico	29 29
Mercury in Dico	31 31

7th day, at noon, Mercury in conjunction with Jupiter. 19th day in Aphelio.

6th day, 22 hrs., Venus in her superior conjunction, and commences "the star of eve." 16th day, 13 hrs., this planet will make a close appulse to Jupiter, and pass not more than 30' to the north; this phenomenon will not be visible.

9th day, 16 hrs., Mars in conjunction with Leonis. 22d day, 7 hrs. with 5 Virginis.

18th day, 10 hrs. 45 min., Jupiter in conjunction.

1st day, Saturn 1° east of a small nebula near the club of Pollux, the eastern twin. 13th day, 14 hrs. 15 min., in quadrature.

18th day, 30 min., Uranus in quadrature.

**Zodiacal Light.**—The early part of this month, about an hour before sun-rise, this wonderful phenomenon may be observed in the east, appearing as a luminous track in the heavens, in the form of a triangular beam, rather rounded at the vertex. It extends each way from the sun 45°, and sometimes 150° along the ecliptic, its horizontal base varying from 8° to 30° in breadth. It appears to surround the sun in the form of a lens, a plane through the edge of which inclines in a very small angle to the sun's apparent path, and bears some resemblance to the ring of Saturn, as it is generally seen: the nature of its light seems analogous to the pellucid tail of a comet, though occasionally it exceeds in brightness the *Via Lactes*; and gradually vanishing into the

\* Some of the most palpable errors in the existing German translations of Shakespeare may be cited. Messrs. Voss, (father and son), who set about translating all the works of Shakespeare, in the introduction, adduced the line *Alas, that I should be so young, and yet so true*, which is rendered by these translators, "Alas, that I should be so young, and yet so true." But Shakespeare stands on some high cliff, or precipice, and the translators, by making the adverb a noun, have rendered the whole passage a compound of nonsense. The old gentleman, however, in his disposition of Othello has yet gone a step beyond this. When Othello tells the senators of Venice that he has seen men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," Mr. Voss, even states, with all his wonted gravity and importance, in his construction of this passage, that he has seen a singular kind of men who do carry their heads under their arms.—Mr. Schlegel, too, is not free from misconstruing the text of the original in his translation, though not in as preposterous a manner as Messrs. Voss have done. The line in Hamlet—*"When he comes the clouded Tophet on the top of these reverend heads"*—When he comes the clouded Tophet on the top of these reverend heads, in his Dramatic Papers, fills three whole pages to explain the three short words—*"a bare bodkin"*—and comes at last to the conclusion, that Shakespeare means—a bodkin or dagger without a scabbard, though the meaning obviously is the same as though he had said barely a bodkin. Such are the errors that, more or less, pervade all the German translations of Shakespeare's works, and they have been very ably anticipated in some lectures lately delivered at Manchester by Mr. George Egerton, (the English Lecturer at the College of the Jesuits), known as the author of an English translation in verse of Klopstock's Messiah. These lectures, by the way, are in themselves a curiosity highly interesting to English literature.—Ed. L. G.



surrounding blue of the heavens. In tropical countries it may be seen throughout the year, the sun-set and before sun-rise: it is not distinctly visible in these latitudes, except at the equinox, owing to the highly illuminated atmosphere of the summer months, and the great density of the sun's path in winter. Many hypotheses have been formed to account for the phenomenon; it has been considered as the light proceeding from an infinite number of stars surrounding the sun within the orbit of Venus, somewhat similar to the united light of small stars that compose the milky way; there is, however, no doubt but that it accompanies the sun, and has some connexion with its atmosphere: it was perceived during total eclipse of the sun in 1706.

September, 25th day, 6 hrs. 20'. This evening the moon was in conjunction with  $\beta$ , a double star of the second magnitude in Scorpio; this conjunction it was anticipated would occur in occultation. At 6 hrs. 15' the double star was observed south of the unlighted part of the moon, (which, however, was distinctly defined,) and so very close, as to appear to form a continuation of that broken curve, which is seen at the extremities of the cusps of the moon when four days old. 7 hrs. 35', the light of the smaller star, that nearest the moon, was perceived sensibly to diminish, and ten minutes afterwards the star itself disappeared, leaving its brighter companion gliding on: it continued concealed by the moon rather more than 7', reappearing after it had obtained the extremity of the cusp. Independent of the advantage which may result to nautical astronomy from simultaneous observations of this phenomenon in the southern hemisphere, the circumstances attending the occultation favour the existence of a lunar atmosphere. The diminution of the light of the smaller star was very evident before it disappeared, and this continued longer than it would have done had the impact been near, or in the direction of the moon's centre; in this instance it had to pass through a larger portion of the atmosphere, being occulted by a very small segment of the lunar disc. The two stars that form  $\beta$  Scorpi are 14" distant from each other; and it is calculated, that about 6" was the quantity of the smaller star occultation.

*Aurora Borealis.*—Tuesday evening, 11 hrs. 15', this mysterious phenomenon was witnessed with unusual splendour from the west and south to the north-east; converging towards the zenith, and corruscating with great velocity. In the north the light was principally of a phosphorescent violet tinge, but so luminous that a common-sized print was read with ease: through this part of the heavens *Ursa Major* was shining with feeble brightness. The western part of the hemisphere, near *Aquila*, was glowing intensely with streams of red, which gradually subsided, and appeared transferred to the north-east, where it continued one broad red banner for some considerable time. Through this was seen *Saturn*, *Gemini*, and *Capella*. On directing the attention to the zenith, streams of yellowish light ascending from the horizon were incessantly in motion. 11 hrs. 45', the *Aurora Borealis* was unabated, though less terrific in its appearance, and ascended principally from the east and west, meeting from 10° to 20° south of the zenith, in *Andromeda*: distant objects were very distinctly visible by its light. At midnight the corruscations were undiminished, with fewer of the red rays. Some of the flashes remained permanent for some time, and very much resembled the tail of a comet. Three meteoric stars were seen in the north-

east and east. Soon after midnight this interesting phenomenon had considerably abated.

*Deposits.*—*Deposits* are not heard of in any of the journals.

**FINE ARTS.**  
**BRITISH ARTISTS IN ROME.**  
We have once, at least, if not oftener, in the *Literary Gazette*, mentioned the name of our countryman Mr. Lane, as being occupied for years on a large picture at Rome, which had excited a very strong sensation among the amateurs and artists assembled in that city. It is now finished; and we have great pleasure in translating the following particulars relating to it from a Roman journal of good authority in matters of art:—

"A picture, painted by Mr. John Bryant Lane (an English artist), has lately excited the attention and admiration of all amateurs of the fine arts residing at Rome. It is a very large piece, being 25 feet high, and 21 feet wide. The artist has employed seven years to accomplish this work. Crowds have flocked to see it, and all have praised the composition, the depth and force of the colouring, the harmonious blending of the tints, and the clearness of the execution, as well as the indefatigable perseverance of the artist. The subject is from Scripture, and represents the moment when St. Joseph is warned to fly into Egypt, to avoid Herod's cruelty. Mr. Lane has taken this event in its most difficult point of view; and has represented at once the most sublime and peaceful calm, and the most powerful emotions—cruelty, love, fear, and hope. He appears to have deeply studied the most celebrated masters: several parts of his performance are in the styles of Raphael and Michael Angelo. One part represents Herod's soldiers entering a poor inn where there are several families, and among them St. Joseph, with the Virgin and infant Jesus. The massacre is already commenced. Another fine part is the angel warning St. Joseph to fly. These two actions, dependent the one on the other, have given him full scope to unite the various styles of the old schools; namely, the Venetian, the Correggese, and that of Michael Angelo. The side on which the soldiers appear partakes of the manner of Michael Angelo: all the expressions display intense grief, rage, ferocity, or despair. The opposite side, where stands the bed with the holy family reposing, with only St. Joseph awake, listening to the warning of the angel, is depicted with absolute calm, which is lost in a glory of angels, occupying the upper part of the picture. There are eighteen heavenly spirits surrounding the angel messenger, from which circle emanates all the light that illumines the lower objects in the foreground, and painted in the most harmonious tints. He appears to have placed the angel in the centre, to give effect to the different expressions that form the contrast of the picture—such as the fear and terror of the soldiers, the faith and hope in the countenance of St. Joseph, &c. It may, indeed, be called two subjects

\* The above observations on the *Aurora borealis* were written at intervals during its continuance. On reconsidering the circumstances of this very splendid appearance, the following remarkable particulars were remembered:—That the two red beams of light seen in the easterly and westerly direction were diametrically opposite, and 90° distant from the bright violet light (by far the most luminous, though comparatively quiescent), which was to the west of the north, and therefore could not be far from the magnetic meridian, which would be crossed at right angles by a line joining the places of the red beams; the southern edges of these were accurately defined, not blending with the adjacent azure, but most distinct from it, and perpendicular to the horizon. Over the whole of the horizon, before the streaming lights, were dark heavy clouds, from these to five degrees

beautifully blended into one,—an indication of immense difficulty on a scale so large, and yet so necessary for its full illustration. We shall now conclude by saying that this work does great honour to Mr. Lane, as it does also to Lord de Dunstanville, who has so kindly taken him by the hand, and to whom the artist publicly professes to owe all his progress and success, having placed in his study his portrait with the following inscription:—*VINO. OPTIMO. PATRONO. MUNIFICENTISSIMO.*

To this liberal and gratifying account of a production so well calculated to distinguish the British School of Art at Rome, it gives us much pleasure to add, from our own private letters, that the sensation which its exhibition created was so great, that the Pope himself sent an assurance to the English painter, of his intention to have seen the picture of which as much was reported to him, had he not been prevented by indisposition. Almost all the cardinals, the foreign ministers, and the Roman nobility, have visited the exhibition; and we trust very shortly to enjoy the same treat, by having a similar opportunity of inspecting it in the native land of the artist, who is (we understand) about to return to London.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**  
*Modesty. Impudence. Drawn on Stone by R. J. Lane, from Sketches by A. K. Chalton.* London, 1827. Dickinson.

WHETHER we speak of the happy choice of subject in these two female figures, the spirit with which they are conceived and executed by Mr. Chalton, or the charming manner in which they are lithographed by Mr. Lane, we must give them our unqualified praise. As specimens of the art of drawing on stone, nothing more delightful of the kind has been published in England; and, with all the original artist's taste and fancy, we have not seen any thing from his pencil more naive and characteristic than these impenetrations. *Modesty* is indeed a sweet lady; but *Impudence* (as is too often the case) bears away the palm, beyond all competition. Her French dress, well held up; her attitude, especially the ultra-outward turn of the feet; her pug-dog; her *mince* features and look; and the very feather in her crown—all combine to render her a perfect model of *impudence*. These prints must be very popular; they are well worth framing.

**THE FORGET-ME-NOT.**  
MR. ACKERMANN has just favoured us with a complete set of the embellishments for his annual *Forget-Me-Not*. The embossed title-page and the external ornaments are tasteful and very pretty; and the engravings, fourteen in number, do honour to the liberality with which the volume is got up, and to the arts employed upon it. Among the most pleasing plates, we have to notice *Corporal Trim in the Kitchen*, from *Stothard*; by W. Finden: the cat has just fallen; the group capital. *The Hop Girl*, from *Uwins*, by E. Finden, is a sparkling gem. *The Triumph of Poetry*, a pair of *quais*, by R. Smirke, engraved by A. W. Warren, is a playful variety; and the *Seventh Plague of Egypt*, by Martin (the engraver H. Le Roux) is a wonderful performance: it is incredible to think how so much of the imaginative and awful could be expressed within so small a compass. The remaining subjects are also well chosen to diversify the work, and afford scope for the exercise of various talents. *The Wedding Ring*, from *Michael Sharp*; *The Bridal Morning*, from *Stephanoff*; and the *Logicians*, from *Richter*, are of the familiar





any ground as thou didst? The which grow in the pastures, will now be no more. But we remain in this house, and prepare this table for dinner, at which thou art no longer seated? The evening will pass away—and we shall no more return! Alas! the light of day is no longer for us," &c.

Then voices continue till four of the re- have taken the coffin on their shoulders, and the rest of the company follow in silence. When the prayers are finished, a number of women, clad in white, with wild and disordered hair, make the air ring with their lamentations, and appear to be ready to cast themselves into the grave. The whole ceremony, indeed, is affecting. A remarkable instance of grief occurred at the funeral of a woman, whose daughter, only seventeen years of age, followed her parent to her long, long home. We saw many other instances of these expressions of grief at their native place, but our language is only a feeble idea of the natural eloquence of this grief-stricken girl. "Oh, my mother, where are you going? I shall see you no more. The earth is about to cover you—my tears will never recall you to life—I will stay here till I die." The shadow which covers the earth is about to take many tears shall make her mother—my mother, answer her voice faded her, and the tears which were deeply affected with grief, and wept like Niobe all tears.

It was the custom to place some of the furniture of the deceased on the grave, and to bury it in the grave with the body; but the usage has gradually abolished. The funerals are always closed by a feast for the poor, and the manner in which they are conducted is nearly the same in a variety of places in the department. This custom existed among many ancient nations.

**Songs and Dances.**—Those cries of joy and enthusiasm (howlings), or *huchies* (hallooing)—the one derived from the Latin *huc*, to huc, and the other from the French *huc*, to halloo, which are used throughout a Breton, were originally cries of alarm, or signals among the shepherds, to drive away the wolves, at the close of day, and during the summer nights. In a well-wooded country like this, and in the middle of solitary pastures, the cattle were greatly exposed to the murderous teeth of the wolf: the oxen passed the summer nights in the meadows; and to frighten their ferocious enemies, the herdsmen kept up a constant howling, in shrill and measured cadence, imitating as nearly as possible the cry of the wolf. They answered one another from a distance, and the forests resounded with these halloings. Young people going to their evening assemblies, lovers seeking their friends, then returning from the labours of the day or an evening's amusement, and travellers by night, afraid of their own shadows, all echoed these cries, and gave the shepherds an answer in their own peculiar language, with some, these echoes were the sound of mirth and jollity, and with others, of terror or precaution. Since, however, the cultivation and the population of the country have been extended, the danger to the cattle from wolves has greatly diminished, and

these halloings are chiefly used as a defence against thieves, and as a means of the joy of the parties at the close of some entertainment or festival.

The songs of the Bretons and their neighbours are slow and monotonous, and are much in the style of the ballads we often heard among the Moors. The games and dances of the young people, and even of the children, all display some traces of their eastern origin. The *ferandole*, a very ancient dance among the Turkish shepherds, is still in use among the Bretons. The young men put large nosegays or streamers in their hats; and the leader holds a bouquet in his right hand, with which he makes divers motions; in his left he has a cord, which passes round the right hand of the person who follows him, of the third, &c. &c., forming a complete chain, and dancing round the willows and other trees without breaking their bands. If they have no cords, they hold one another by the hand.

Sometimes their games have the appearance of battles: they have caps or helmets on their heads, cuirasses and armour for the arms and legs, all made of green rushes; they are armed with pikes or sabres made of oak-branches; and march to the sound of trumpets formed of the bark of trees. These figures, although uncouth in their appearance, are not unworthy the attention of the artist; and these mock-warriors and burlesque characters afford a distant recollection of the employment of their ancestors.

We observe also in these cantons, when the young girls go into the corn-fields in spring to weed the growing wheat, they are generally in groups and singing in chorus; carrying their country cakes, made of the Sarcenic corn, on their heads for their dinner, and pitchers of water or milk. Formerly also in the month of May, processions of young girls were seen, clad in white, and singing religious hymns, invoking the blessing of Heaven on the various crops of grain. These simple and interesting ceremonies, which, variously modified, formerly existed in Breton, were the remains of the ancient worship of the country; and it is painful to the antiquary to see them insensibly abandoned or changed in their forms.

**Cultivation and Grain.**—The nature of the village used in this country bespeaks the Moorish origin of its inhabitants. The Sarcenic or black wheat is extensively cultivated, of which are made the *gauffres* or cakes, the principal food of one part of Breton; the other kinds of grain are maize, rye, and millet, a very fine sort, and much more grown here than in other parts. This forms a portion of the daily food of the Africans and the Arabs, called by them the *pitau*, and *sigout* by the Bretons.

**Cattle.**—The Bretons appear to have been always greatly attached to their cattle, particularly to their oxen, another circumstance which shews their ancient connexion with the Moors. We have seen, by the farewells of the bride, by the expressions of grief at funerals, and in all important circumstances, that they address themselves to their oxen, that they speak of them, and render them, in some manner, partakers of every thing in which they are interested. The respect paid to these animals may be supposed to arise from their great usefulness in tilling the ground, as well as from the profit derived from their sale: the oxen of the Bretons are a double source of wealth to them, and are, in consequence, cherished as their best friends and benefactors.

**Their Houses.**—The construction of the houses exhibits some traces of a Moorish ori-

gin. The chimneys are round and the houses built round a central square, the walls are pointed towers or minarets, with windows in them. They form, in the interior, a large cone, the base of which is terminated by a square. The first place is in the middle of the house, and state being placed round it, the whole family are seated to receive the benefit of the fire. These chimneys are very convenient for the evening meetings; here they work and talk over past times; the young people listen with attention, and the assembly has something about it of the patriarchal character. Many similar chimneys are still to be met with in Spain; they were formerly common in Breton, but they become less numerous when we leave the banks of the Seine. Hence we are inclined to believe that they were first introduced by the Saracens; and afterwards adopted by the inhabitants of Breton, who previously to this time were probably very badly provided with chimneys, and had no other vent for the smoke than the door by which they entered their habitations. The scarcity and increasing dearth of wood diminished every day the number of the Sarcenic chimneys: those which the inhabitants are compelled to substitute are about half the size, and do not consume so much fuel; they are, however, extremely inconvenient, and warm the wall instead of the people.

**Religion.**—If we closely observe the Bretons and the Chateaux, we perceive in the exercise of their religion a mixture of pagan practices and superstitious ceremonies in which may be discovered some traces of Mohammedanism; these, however, are fast wearing out.

The men and the women were formerly entirely separated in their churches, and these edifices had two doors, one being exclusively devoted to each sex.

**Language.**—It is impossible not to recognise in their language the construction and the metaphors of the East. Their pronunciation, their particular expressions, and foreign terminations of their words, all peculiar to this canton, indicate the oriental origin of the patois of the northern and western parts of Breton, a language made up of a multitude of half Latin, Gothic, Italian, German, and French words, with an intermixture of the Arabic.

The word *petite*, which is used for a girl of eight or nine years of age, is from *maka*, the Spanish term (derived from the Arabic) signifying a young girl.

A term of endearment for an infant is *mamolin* or *mimolin*, derived from *mamelle*, as if they would say, "the infant which sucks;" the termination, however, is Arabic, as *mimamelle*, &c.

A small and puny infant they call *mamchet*, for *maschet*, which has the same meaning in Arabic and in Hebrew.

Houses are called *maisons*; a son, *filz*; a lord or seigneur, *seigneur*, from *malet*, the Arabic word for prince.

Such are a few of the coincidences between the Breton patois and the language of the Arabs. It were easy to multiply instances of this sort; but the space will enable the reader to form an opinion on the subject.

The notices we have given of the character, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of this portion of the department of the Ain, and of those of Huchay, place it beyond a doubt that these people are really descended from the Saracens, and from the remnant of that army which invaded France in the eighth century. But the traces of their origin will rapidly

disappear the changes that take place in their persons, their connection with the neighbouring towns, the progress of the arts, and the approximation of the people to a common centre, will cause these shades of distinction gradually to disappear, like the ruins of buildings or of villages which the waves of the sea daily cover with sand, and which are soon entirely effaced.

#### DRAMA.

On Monday next, October 1, the winter theatre commences operations; and the dramatic world will burst into full activity. Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Adelphi, have promulgated muster-rolls of their respective corps, and put on fronts of very imposing force. At old Drury they are to produce young Kean, who, it seems, has been practising theatricals in private, and acts very much in his father's style. With this grand secret a due fuss has been made by the newspapers:—It was whispered to us a month ago, and struck us as a very fair and good-humoured revenge on the part of Mr. Price, for the seduction or dissipation of Kean from him for Covent Garden. We never, however, enter into managerial tactics, unless where the public is interested; and in this point of view we consider the rivalry for popular actors, if not honourably and judiciously carried on, to be of a very fatal tendency to the merits and character of the stage. It leads to the system of *star* or partial engagements; and, as a necessary result, to the degradation of all the middle and even upper walks in the drama, which are, nevertheless, more essential to good representations, than the efforts of the highest tragedy queen or musical prodigy that ever strutted or sang.

Drury Lane announces a very strong operative body:—perhaps it is an oversight on our side, but it is strange that we have not observed the name of Siddons in any of the lists.

Of the new singers, Miss Hughes, at Covent Garden, has raised the first expectations. She is a very promising debutante—her person and face well suited to grace the scene, and her voice at once melodious and powerful. Miss Kelly and Miss Goward are also fine accessions to this theatre, which displays considerable *musical* powers for tragedy, and a very efficient comic strength. At both houses female tragedians of the first class are yet reported "missing."

In conclusion we may remark, that there is enough of talent at either of the great houses to ensure success, if properly employed. At the Adelphi, the theatre has been much improved.

**English Opera House.**—This well-conducted theatre continues to be crowded every night, proving our oft-repeated position, that genuine attractions never fail. Of the Haymarket we have not seen so much.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Vine.**—The cultivation of the vine has for some years been carried on very successfully in the Crimea, and is at present increasing to an extraordinary extent. About 6,750,000 Paris pints of wine have for some time been annually made in the Crimea; and it is supposed that the new plantations will cause this quantity to be tripled.

**Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson.**—These gentlemen arrived safely at Liverpool on Wednesday.

\* We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned, that the greater part of the customs described in this series of papers, were lately and most of them are now practised by Pagans; particularly the Marriage Ceremonies.

**Lithography.**—A mode has been discovered in France, of fabricating paper solely from the Glycerine of Soap, or *Liquor Plantæ*. It is said that this paper is cheap, that it is of a whiteness superior to that generally made, and that size is not requisite in its manufacture. Whatever may be its other merits, there can be no doubt of its being exceedingly well adapted for *billeto-doux*!

**Lithotomy.**—M. Amussat, a French surgeon, has lately invented several instruments, by which the braying of the calculus in the bladder, and the subsequent extraction of the fragments, are exceedingly facilitated.

**Repulsion.**—Mr. Perkins has been making some very curious and important experiments at Paris on the power of red-hot iron to repel water, and prevent any contact with it, except under the enormous pressure of above four thousand atmospheres. A friend of Mr. Perkins's read, the other day, to the Académie des Sciences, a paper on the subject, which has since been referred to the consideration of an especial committee on steam engines.

**Short-Hand.**—A correspondent who has had his attention directed to short-hand for many years, has favoured us with his opinion on Dr. Erdmann's new system, an exemplification of which appeared in a recent *Literary Gazette*. He thinks it more curious than useful, and prefers the plans of Gurney, Byrom, Taylor, and others; but still, should the German idea be adopted, he recommends the employment of only one line, and the addition of the four curve characters used by all short-hand writers. Propositions and common terminations may also be readily supplied.

**Libel.**—It is well known that in our country the law of libel is too indefinite to be understood; but in France, under the censorship, it is quite impossible to know any thing about libel at all. The following: "*Comme nous*"

Extract from a French Paper.

**Blue Dye.**—To the Editor, &c. In your last number I observed it remarked that a French chemist had succeeded in fixing the Prussian blue colour on cloth. This has been accomplished in England for more than two years: not only light blues, but those of the darkest hues have been produced, and the colour quite as good, if not better than indigo. Ten and more yards of cloth have been dyed at one time by the process alluded to—specimens of which may be seen at Mr. Kitching's, chemist, Prospect Place, near the Elephant and Castle. I am, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

**Ednam.**—Ednam, in Roxburghshire, which now gives the title of Viscount to the Earl of Dudley, is a name famed in our literary annals as the birth-place of the poet Thomson. It is a pretty village on the banks of the Eden (hence Ednam or Edinam), which runs into the pastoral Tweed, about two miles below. On the brow of a picturesque hill which rises above the hamlet, a monument to the memory of Thomson was proposed to be erected; and the gentry in the neighbourhood have been wont to hold an annual meeting on the spot in honour of their celebrated countryman. On this classic ground, it cannot be too much to anticipate great improvements from the fine taste and princely fortune of its noble owner.

**Antiquities.**—The attempt to examine or raise the remains of the Palace of Tiberius from Lake Nemi, near Rome, is stated, in a

\* Lord Brougham took a warm interest in this design; but we are not sure whether it was or was not completed.

letter, to have failed in consequence of the inadequacy of the machinery.

**Thomas Tunnel.**—The works in this undertaking have been partially resumed; and the gallery, as before, become a show, being lighted with gas, &c.

**Monsters.**—A plaster-cast was lately sent from Canton to the Académie des Sciences in Paris, of a Chinese, aged 23 years, who, otherwise perfectly well organised, has attached to the epigastric region the body of an acrophallid child, the size of a full-grown foetus. M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, to whom the examination of the subject was referred, made a report to the Academy respecting it; and it is a curious fact, that, three days after the reading of that report, a new monster, of similar construction, was born in the neighbourhood of Tours. The French journals are full of minute descriptions of these phenomena. To us it appears that good taste demands that the details of such matters should be confined to publications exclusively professional.

**Billiards.**—A curious little work, called *The Theory and Rules of the Game of Billiards*, by A. Teyssèdre, has lately been published at Paris. It is divided into two parts. In the first, the theory of the game is explained—the means of avoiding being cheated in the choice of maces and queues are pointed out—the laws of the collision of bodies are detailed—the strokes which result from those laws are described—and general principles are laid down with respect to the manner of playing and of conducting the game. The second part contains the rules of the various games of billiards. At the end of the work is a vocabulary of the terms used in the game.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have it intimated to us, that, at the usual time (somewhere about the middle of November), will be published, with the *Almanack*, *Time's Telescope* for 1841, a Complete Guide to the Almanack; containing historical, biographical, and antiquarian notices, together with the Natural History and Astronomy of every month in the year; the whole being interspersed with numerous illustrative poetical citations from living authors, and Original Poetry. The volume is to be embellished with a coloured engraving of *Sophonisba Agrippina*, a celebrated female painter.

**The Romances of History.**—Under this title, a work in England, in three volumes, from the pen of Mr. Henry Neale, the poet, is announced for early publication. It is to consist of Tales founded on fact, and illustrative of the Romantic Annals of each reign, from the Norman Conquest to the Restoration.

Sketches from Oblivion, containing Sketches, Poems, and Tales, by Peter Shafco, Gent., are announced for publication next month, with illustrative engravings. The History of the damnable Life and deplorable Death of Doctor Faustus will form the sixth part of Mr. W. J. Thome's Early Prose Romances.

**Religion in India.**—A Voice directed to Christian Churches, for Millions in the East, is in the press. Mr. Hood has a Second Series of his *Whims and Oddities* in the press. It is actively preparing for publication, and may be expected early in November.

**Dr. Conquest** is about to publish a fourth and carefully revised edition of his *Outline of Modern History*;—also, a work on the Diseases of Women and Children.

**A Treatise on the Culebreous Disorder** incidental to Childhood, is forthcoming. By Walter C. Dent, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary for Children, &c. &c. Illustrated by Twenty-four coloured delineations of the most important Diseases.

Mr. J. P. Thomas announces for publication, in the ensuing season, a Compendium of the Laws of Nature and Nations.

Mr. Canning's Parliamentary Speeches, as they are announced, are now, on the eve of publication. They were undertaken, we are assured, with the sanction of Mr. Canning, and held the dignified and exclusive advantage of his revision and correction.

Mr. J. P. Neale has been on a tour through Devonshire, Hampshire, and Somersetshire, making drawings for the continuation of his work on *Gentlemen's Seats*, parts of which will speedily appear.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fashionable and Unfashionable, 3 vols. 12mo. 16. 6d. by the Publisher's Achievement of Prayer.—Establishment of the Turks in Europe, crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6s.



September.	Thermometer.			Barometer.		
	From	to		From	to	
Thursday	20	42	54	29.70	to	29.75
Friday	21	43	63	29.77	to	29.80
Saturday	22	54	40	29.49	to	29.54
Sunday	23	49	60	29.43	to	29.46
Monday	24	44	63	29.56	to	29.60
Tuesday	25	45	62	29.60	to	29.64
Wednesday	26	46	61	29.53	to	29.56

